

## Unspoken Love by oliviiaines

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** After Eleven (Stranger Things) Closes the Gate, Angst, Depressed Eleven, Depressed Mike, Developing Relationship, El having a hard time, Eventual Romance, Eventual Smut, F/M, Fluff, Friends to Lovers, Gen, PTSD, Stranger Things after the shadow hunter, eleven - Freeform

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Caulfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** In-Progress

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**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** Graphic Depictions Of Violence

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 620

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Aging-Up Fic involving kids of Hawkins. Begins right after the end of the 2017 season, and is mostly based on that. The core ships are mainly Eleven and Mike, with some references to other ships and a gay Will.

"Eleven had never understood love, until she met Mike Wheeler"

## Unspoken Love

Eleven had never understood love.

The feeling itself was almost foreign to her, but if she were ever asked to define the word, she could recite it's meaning like the alphabet.

*Love: noun, a profoundly tender, passionate affection for another person.*

*Love: noun, a feeling of warm personal attachment or deep affection.*

But how could she know what love felt like, when all she had ever known was the white walls of the laboratory she called home and the men in the white suits who would drag her out of her room.

The single drawing on the white wall of her empty room was the only sign that the eleven year old girl who lived there was not completely alone. The picture showed two figures, one taller than the other, holding hands. The color of their pale skin contrasting with the dark blue sky. The word Papa was neatly written under the taller figure. The other, much shorter figure, had the word Eleven messily written underneath, black ink pressed deeply into the paper, as if it were written in rage.

Papa. The only person who had ever shown her any affection. Papa was good to her. He was kind. He would read books to her and teach her new words. He would take care of her when she was sick and hug her when she did well during an experiment. But papa was a bad person. He hurt her more than the men in the white suits and the buzzing, snapping cords that were taped onto her head. He was scarier than the black, cold room she would get locked into.

It wasn't fair, and some part of Eleven's manipulated, lonely mind knew that. So when the sirens blared and the whole laboratory went black, she had run. With tears streaming down her face and her heart pounding harder than ever, she had ruthlessly made her way through the laboratory, killing anyone who tried to stop her with a simple tilt of her head.

She had crawled her way through the dark, muddy pipes, out into the

open air. The breeze had hit her skin and the sun warmed her cheeks as she stood weakly in the depths of an evergreen forest.

With the hospital gown barely covering her frail body she had kept running through the until the most delicious smell had filled her senses, leading her to a house in an opening, just outside of forest.

She had watched a man who she would later come to know as Benny Hammond, through the window as he prepared his food and gave it to other men, who Eleven had noticed were not wearing white suits.

He had fed her and given her new clothing. He did not hurt her, but papa hurt him.

Eleven had watched as the woman papa had hired shot him right in the head. The sound of his lifeless body rang in her ears and she fled once more, into the great green forest.

With her yellow shirt barely keeping her warm, she had wandered the forest until the blue sky had turned black, filling her with anxiety along with the familiar feeling of being alone

The sky, at some point, had started to cry, with wet tears falling onto Eleven's shaved head. While she had stopped to admire the tears of the sky, barely audible unfamiliar voices sounded from the distance. She had turned just in time, to face three boys, all staring at her in shock, their bright yellow light shining in her eyes.

Eleven had never understood love, until she met Mike Wheeler, standing in the middle of the evergreen forest, with the skies cold tears covering them in cold wet puddles.

### **Author's Note:**

hi and thank you for reading. this is obviously the introduction to this story i've been waiting to write for a VERY long time.